

PULSE





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# LETTERS

TO

EDITOR

Gents,

PULSE was lying on the floor one day over here, and instead of throwing it directly in the waste can, I sniffed thru it. All right!

I like the layout--nice and casual. Especially the language. Keep it up boys, writing is thinking.

The editorial gave me the impression that you guys have the same problem we have over here. Know one way to get around the study-silence problem? STUDY IN A GROUP -- group learning.

'Course it don't work for every subject. But that's why Confucius got so smart: He talked everything over with his wife first. Try it.

Here's to PULSE's growth, and your own.

Jake Herber

Dear Tim,

Your great magazine came in this morning and immediately after the first person read it the rumor began. We were all asking ourselves, each other, and in some cases our spiritual director, was it just an oversight or did they really intend it?

If it is an oversight, I suppose you fellows will still have a fighting chance for seeing the Parousia, but if it was intended as such--consider yourself finished, dooned, washed up and finked out.

Of course, I am referring to your football hall of fame. I'll be the first to admit that you have many of the great names of football there but how could you leave out the name of Tom "cannonball" Sherlock. Just to quote a few stats - 2100 yards gained in 1962, player of the week at the Novitiate for 51 weeks in a row, Soph' player of the year in 1963, MVP all eleven years while in the seminary. Not only this but many an afternoon he spent while at the Novitiate running pass patterns with Ken Pleiman.

All I can say in closing is that if this error isn't corrected in the PULSE you can cancel my subscription.

John Post  
St. Charles

No, this was not an oversight, we really did intend



it. I don't consider it an error but this issue of PULSE should satisfy you. You should by now realize that it would be utterly impossible to include all of the names in the Xavier Hall of Football Fame in just one issue. As you see we are continuing to print the names of all members of the Xavier Hall of Football Fame. It is a long process-who knows-we may never finish.  
ed.

Dear Editor,

I don't know if this is the proper place to do what I'm going to do, but I'm going to do it anyway.

Two years ago, (I'm sure most of you sixth-years can remember; you were seniors at Brunnerdale at the time) the rosary of the seven dolors was discontinued at that institution. Why wasn't it discontinued here? Now I have nothing against motherhood, this devotion, or "the tears Mary shed in her sorrow," but don't you think that, in this age of ecumenism, we, future priests and brothers, should let our secular friends in on what we are doing? Those few seculars who meander through God's house on Friday night are totally lost, I'm sure when we start something which to them only vaguely resembles a rosary.

The rosary of the seven dolors is not even listed in our current manual of prayers. (This is why they cut it out at Brunnerdale.) Since we have the decree from St. Charles, should not we drop it? For the sake of public relations with the seculars, shouldn't we drop it?

Perhaps I will bring this up at the next student body meeting. I hope that is the proper place.

Tom Brown

I don't know anything about a decree from St. Charles, but I do believe it would be a good idea either to drop the seven dolor rosary or to distribute leaflets to the secular students so that they know what's coming off.

ed.

Dear Editor,

I've read the first two issues of PULSE this year with great interest and much pleasure. You're doing a real fine job, especially in getting two issues out already. It's really been a little embarrassing to me--- but I just tell everyone that you had good training but really, everything looks great. I was particularly happy to see the printing turn out so well. It looks like the new "Myrtle" was a



real good deal.

I think I can clear up a couple of points that your readers raised in the last issue. First of all, the "Big Fool" contest ended in a tie between Don Knueve Mike Walro. Because of the difficulty of getting the two together to break the tie, Jerry Patterson, under whose direction the contest was run, decided the best thing would simply be to split the prize. So that's what we did.

Concerning the pictures in PHASE, I think the blame should fall on my shoulders. I was as surprised as anyone that none of them got in. As it would have turned out, though, not everybody would have had his picture in anyway. There was a great lack of organization on my part, and I didn't give the photographers enough time to properly take and develop the pictures. We would have had enough time to get them done but the original layout was rejected by the PHASE editors. Since this was close to the end of the year, there just wasn't enough time to get a new layout finished and pictures taken. We did try, but what with vacations, etc., it just didn't work out. If anyone should be blamed, then, it should

be me. My apologies to all those involved.

While reading one of the articles on the DMU, I was struck by a sentence saying the DMU was looking for some project this year to undertake. It seems to me that as a missionary unit, the ideal would be some type of apostolic endeavor. As everyone in Xavier knows, the novices were engaged in working with the migrants during our first couple of months here. Rensselaer, of course, abounds with migrants during the tomato season. If the DMU is looking for some profitable undertaking, this type of work could be just what you are looking for. This work is tremendously interesting, despite what you may think beforehand, and is great experience for young seminarians. Of course this type of work could not be started without a great deal of organization. Maybe you could use this column as sort of an open forum on the idea.

Keep up the good work, Tim, and lots of luck in future issues.

In PP.S.,  
George



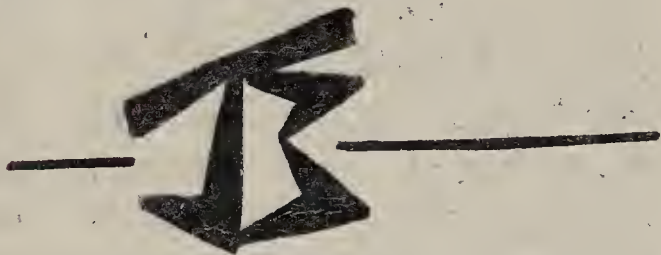
Dear Ed.

I thought the (greatly deserved) coverage of Dan Glazier, "Scorch," in the last issue of PULSE, was terrific. The BIG space filler on the back cover was equally terrific, although Root Beer Woolson, the kid that's always going "on a FAT," could have done just as terrific a job.

Keep up the good work, Ed.

Scorch

P.S. My Mother liked the last issue too.



On November 4th and 6th the Columbian Players presented their first production of the year, J.B., a play by Archibald Macleash. J.B. is a takeoff on the "Book of Job." In a stylized vacant tent two circus performers make a wager to determine whether Job would stand up to the Twentieth Century torments or despair of God. They conjure up a Job and the other necessary characters and place them in fantasy Twentieth Century situations similar to those in the Bible story, while

one of the circus performers portrays God and the other Satan.



There were four Xavier men in the production: Dan Rogers, a wounded soldier; Jim Evans and Andrew Padich, two sailors; and Jim Field, one of Job's "comforters". Much credit for the success of this production should be given to Professor John Ravage, who devoted a tremendous amount of time and energy both in directing and building the set.

R. A. Padich

#### Sounds of GREEK CLASS

F.K. - Where does it get its case?

C.C. - The beer distributor.

F.K. - The infirmary

B.U. - The tractor sales!



# IT'S ABOUT TIME!

About a month ago most of us saw the notice that Saint Joseph's College would be featured on a full page in the November 11th issue of Time magazine. When that issue arrived, page 114 didn't end up as the full length story that many had expected, but it did turn out to be a rather clever advertiesment asking for financial aid. In fact the publisher of Time considered the idea so good that he re-funded the price of the advertisement and established a new magazine policy offering free space to colleges for educational purposes.

The ad itself showed a picture of Fr. William J. Kramer, along with some data about the higher costs of a Christian education. Father's doctorate degree brings him \$50 a month, yet even with such bargains St. Joe's needs all the help it can get.

The carefully and cleverly worded ad took well over a year to plan and process. It has already earned its initial cost, but even more than that, the college has gained the distinction of introducing this new field of fund raising to other private colleges which share this same need. Placed in such a well-known and widely read magazine, the plea has reached the hands of many who can help.

The final results of this ad cannot be estimated for some time yet, and whether many other private colleges will follow suit has yet to be seen. St. Joe's may or may not gain a fortune from its ad, but from now on it hasn't got a thing to lose.

Dan Rogers

*Did you know that Fr. Kuhns  
graduated from Whas A Matter  
U back in ought eight?*



# **MONTE** **CARLO**

Agent 0013 sized up the situation carefully as he entered the "Pink Puma Casino" located in the basement of the St. Joseph's College Bakery. He, along with a flock of fifth-year students and some shrewd brother postulants, would put his entire fortune of \$2,500 in jeopardy.

A group of sixth-years owned this quaint casino and bar. At first, the agent was stumped by the Columbus Rag, Michael J. Tierney, who was running the "over-and-under seven" game. He had a little luck at Fred Brinkman's booth. It seems that whenever Fred would roll the dice, they would turn up "odd." On several occasions, the agent tried to cheat, but Brad Uhlenbouncer was always on the spot. By the end of the evening, he had won a small fortune from Jim Olzewski, the wizard of the putting green.

Promptly at 9:30, the casino officials announced that a raffle would be held for anyone who wanted to bid for surprise gifts. Being gamblers at heart, everyone was willing. But, alas, many of the prizes were valueless. (Such is life) Jarn Gillespie emerged as winner of the "grand" prize, John Jadless, who "popped" out of the final surprise box.

P. J. King

## Fr. Heiman

Fr. Lawrence Heiman was born on August 24, 1917 in Decatur, Indiana. He entered Brunnerdale Seminary and, after graduation, continued his studies for the priesthood at St. Joseph's College. Here he was organist, assistant choir director, director of a jazz orchestra, and member of the band. He played the violin, xylophone,



trombone, bass, and mello-  
phone. At St. Charles Sem-  
inary, he pursued much the  
same interests by being or-  
ganist, choir director, and  
orchestra director.

Fr. Heiman was ordained  
on December 5, 1943--a year  
early because of the war.  
He was first assigned to  
teach Latin and algebra at  
St. Joe's, but after the  
death of Fr. Paul Speckbaugh,  
who was the director of  
plays, he was appointed to  
teach speech and dramatics.  
During the summers of these  
years, 1945-49, he stud-  
ied at the Catholic Univer-  
sity where he eventually re-  
ceived his M.A. in Speech  
and dramatics. All this time  
he continued teaching at St.  
Joe's during the school  
year.

From 1957-1959, Fr. Hei-  
man studied at the Pontifi-  
cal Institute of Sacred  
Music in Rome. There he re-  
ceived Licentiate in Gregor-  
ian Chant in 1958 and his  
Master's Degree in 1959. He  
returned to St. Joe's in the  
fall of 1959.

More recent accomplish-  
ments of Fr. Heiman are the  
initiation of the Summer  
School of Liturgical Music  
in 1960, and the affiliation  
of St. Joe's music depart-  
ment with the De Paul Uni-  
versity School of Music in  
1966.

Fr. Heiman has also been  
active in writing and pub-  
lishing music. So far, he

has published: Harmoniza-  
tions for men's voices for  
use with the Arbogast Sunday  
Propers, Mass for the People  
and Daily Propers.

J. Schmidt



There is no one single  
club here at Xavier for Trap-  
ping. Anyone who has the de-  
sire and the time to trap  
can do so. The season opened  
Nov. 15. It is only a little  
over 3 weeks old now. Some  
have had excellent luck,  
while others have had not so  
good. The approximate income  
so far of everyone together  
has been: ten muskrats, two  
mink, two possums, two rab-  
bits, one racoon, and no bea-  
ver or fox. Although no one  
has caught any beaver or fox  
yet, signs show that they  
are plentiful, but just too  
smart. We have it straight  
from the mouth of the GREAT  
WHITE HUNTER, Mike Smith,  
that trapping should be from  
good to excellent.

F. Pritz



Dear Reader (s), how nice it is to see you again. It would be so much more enjoyable if we didn't have to cut you but alas all must endure certain pains in this world. The days are fleeting by and the joyous Christmas season is quickly approaching. Tears wet the paper as we etch out such degrading statements in this season of utter joy. Mike and I promise to try to improve our uncharitable column in 1967. We have repeatedly begged the editor to relieve us of the unpleasant chore but he



just shrugs us off with "You're the best at it--do it!:" So as we embark on another journey through Fun Land we ask you to forgive, forget, and have patience.

John H. Wicker is a sixth-year. Born in August, 1947 he has developed rapidly in the last 19 years. John is a fine physical specimen with an 8 foot nose, soft auburn hair, muscles aplenty and an overdeveloped left leg. John doesn't let this bother him at all. He tries and tries and with such vigor will soon move up the ladder in China's "Caste" system.

A conversation between Rile and King.

"Ya know Pete I didn't do so well in Greek."

"Such is life."

"This is true."

"Study, Andy, and you'll improve."

"This is plausible."

We have just received word that Brother Larry's dog, Cash, died of "pig disease" after he had bit Hassey.

So much attention has focused on "Dog" Kuhlman lately that our other canine has been overshadowed. "Barf" Tier-



ney has developed some newer and keener dog reflexes. Besides his already magnificent nose (able to leap tall buildings in a single bound) this reporter has discovered his tremendous retrieving powers. After tossing a used Tootsie Roll Pop wrapper at him "barf" recovered it in the magnificent time of 34 minutes.

Bill Stechshulte had a slight accident in the rec room. It seems that he wanted to get a few winks before benediction and half the furniture in the room somehow landed on top of him.

What loud reactions! O, Gaud! Neat! Hey, they work!!! What size? "2!" "Hey they're bigger than 3's" That was just a few of the oohs and aahs when the Xavier Trappers received a shipment of traps. Vic, "index 007". opened the fox scent and sent half the studyhall crazy with the terrible odor. Fox--beware!

John Jadgchew had a narrow escape from certain death, as usual he attempted to enter studyhall without opening the doors. He fits through the crack quite easily. Well, as often happens, someone slid the lock over between the doors and Jad almost reopened his thyroid wound when he hit it. Thanks to the quick thinking of Nurse O'Reilly death was averted.

Father O'Dell didn't exactly get a 21 gun salute when he decided to sit in the sixth year study hall one night, but Tom Nath sure tried.

We have received quite a few fan letters and we have chosen this one to represent the over-all attitude of our readers.

Dear Charitable ones,

Upon reading your last article in PULSE my tear glands filled with tiny particles of pity-filled water droplets, I understand your position quite well, and I think it is awful the way that mean editor forces the two of you to do what is basically against your normal daily activity of charitable works. I know Mike quite well, having been lifted from many melancholic moods by his usually kind and charitable hello, but Brad has reached the ultimate of charity. With his head surrounded by that red cloud of charity, except his nose which seems to puncture the ethereal covering, he walks through the halls as a quiet, very serious looking individual, who has finally reached



his goal in life. But if you have time to read further, I would like to give some examples.

The other day Pete King was out in the middle of a soybean field with Mike checking a fox set when Peter broke the stillness of the air by saying: "Gee, is this where you guys have been missing all those beaver lately?" Now truthfully did any one hear about this rather stupid question? If it had been anyone but one of these two, the entire Hall would have mocked poor Pete out.

The other night in the dorm, Russ Groblewski went into spasms as he very noisily went about tearing down the walls with his fingernails. Brad immediately came to the rescue, by waking the nonchalant sleepwalker up, and kindly suggested that Russ have his three inch fingernails cut.

The next day Tom Burgei happened to drop a small piece of paper on the floor. Upon closer investigation, Ken Hohenbrink found the word "handsome" imprinted on the small piece of papyrus. Under the intense questioning of many fellow classmates, Mike arrived on the scene to save Tom from further embarrassment. He concluded that the word was more than likely from Tom's extensive vocabulary list which he has been saving since nursery school. Even though he smelled something "fishy" about this mess, he remained silent throughout the ordeal.

The other morning I overheard Bert "Of the largest Gut" Woolson talking to Brad. "Hey Brad do you want your two rolls?" Brad hesitated a moment while wondering if it would be charitable or not. But finally coming to a definite conclusion that this would fatten the 398 lb. pig, he replied with an emphatic "Yes!" Bert retorted, "You big pig," moving at five feet per minute, a new land speed record for Bert, headed for fourths, and returned with four more rolls. Brad could have easily let loose with a rather unkind barrage of words, but he constrained himself.

Perhaps the hardest case confronted by these two advocates of charity to all was the Bird Kaminsky affair. It all happened one day out at work, when two of his fellow workers decided that they had enough. The workboss came out in search of these two crafty loafers. Upon questioning, Foot Fiely did a fine cover up by replying:

"John Doe had to get a haircut!!"

"Where's the other one?"



"I don't want to tell you, responded Bird without hesitation."

"Who was it?"

"Jim Jones."

"Who?"

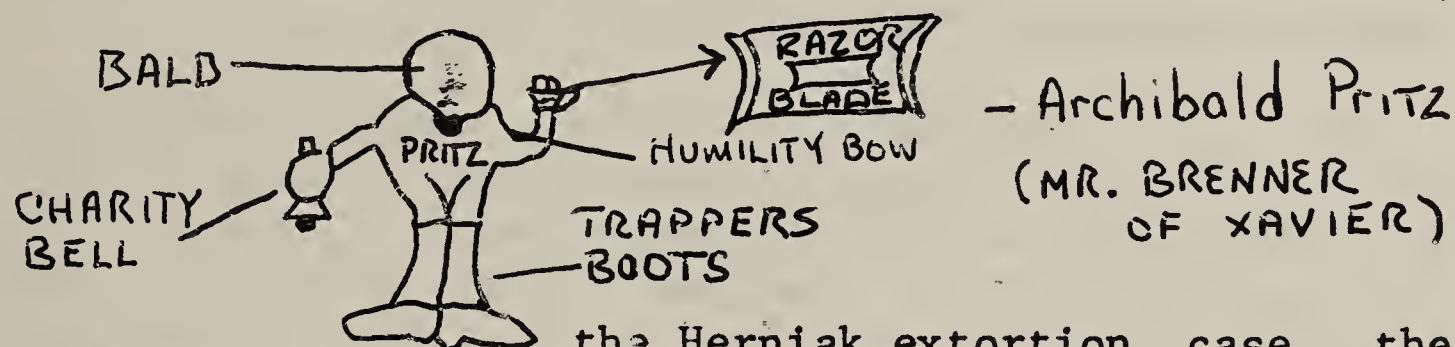
"Jones." "J...O...N...E...S."

"I wish I had a pencil and paper to write their names down on."

"Oh I have," said Bird as he whipped out a pencil and paper, which he carries with him for such occasions.

It took nearly an hour of hard work and loud verbal fighting to subdue the anger-filled Mongies, but by quick action and dedication to the fight for charity, Brad and Mike saved the day for Bird.

There are many more cases such as the Archibald Pritz perfumed letter scandal.



the Herniak extortion case, the Ballmann "drag" attempt, etc., but these two handled the situation with utmost coolness and in a very charitable manner.

With a background like this, I would now like to ask for membership into this Charity Guild. I am sure that I am inferior to your standards, but with a little practice I'm sure I can match up to your unending slogan of "Charity for all; and Malice towards none."

One whose Charity comes close to yours  
James Field

Dear James,

Brad and I were very delighted to receive and peruse through the unending praise which you showed for our work in your letter. We only wish there were more like you! Without much consultation and investigation into the question at hand, we have unanimously approved your membership



into this select group of charitable people. Write again if you have a chance, but uphold our high standards.

Charitably yours,  
Mike Smith and Brad Uhlenhake



--as seen and reported by mother Weber's youngest son, Paul

--FOR RELEASE: as soon as Myrtle gets around to printing it

COLUMBIAN PLAYERS PRESENT "J.B."

The stage resembled a tattered, weather-beaten circus tent. Upon such a scene the modern-day version of the Old Testament story of Job was portrayed. Two circus performers named Zuss and Nickles portray God and Satan. Imagine a twentieth-century man who has everything, who is president of a bank, has a beautiful wife and four children, however, as in the Old Testament story, he loses everything. His bank is totally demolished in a war, his children killed, his wife despairs and walks out, some men come to torment him, and his skin is covered with radiation burns. In these ways they test him to see if he will curse God. Like the ancient Job, he does not and God wins. But not completely, because the modern Job does not accept either of the philosophies of Zuss or Nickles. Seminarians in the play were Jim Field as Zophar--one of those who came to torment Job; Dan Rogers, as a one-legged soldier, and Andrew Padich and Jim Evans, as sailors. Congratulations to all on a fine play.

#### A SPOOKY HALLOWEEN PARTY

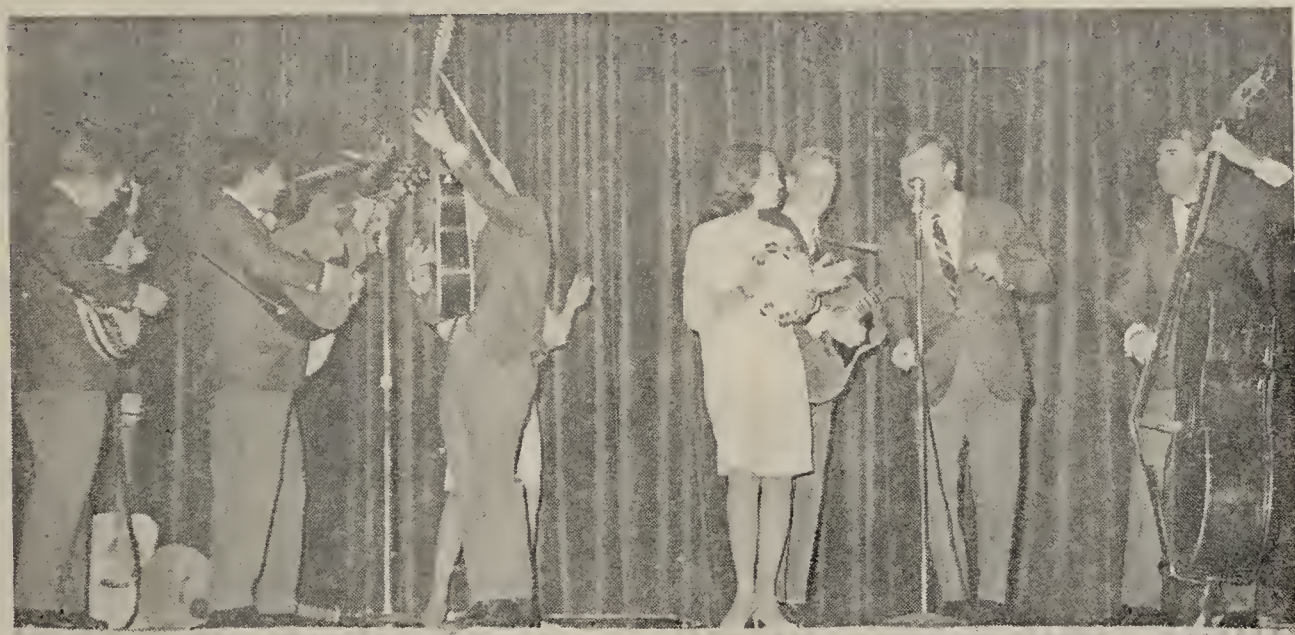
On the eve of Haloween the fifth-years gave a party for the seminarians, brother postulants, priests, and bro-



thers. To start the show on the right foot, Bruce Catalano and Paul Fongheiser shone forth with their four "All Stars." Then a group of fifth-years entertained the audience with a song written and composed and accompanied by Fred Hofstetter. Even though some of the lyrics could not be heard too well, the refrain--something like "ma huh" came out loud and clear. Then Mike Smith had the audience laughing out of their chairs with his interpretation of Bill Crosby's famous "Noah." Steve Herniak and Dan Hammond sang "Sounds of Silence" and then refreshments were served. A big thank you to the fifth-years for an enjoyable evening of entertainment.

#### THE NEW CHRISTY MINSTRELS ENTERTAIN AT THE FIELDHOUSE

The second student council concert consisted of seven young men and two lovely young women in a singing group which called themselves the New Christy Minstrels. Very new they were indeed, in fact, completely different from the group of two years ago under Randy Sparks. Two Years ago Mr. Sparks sold his share in the group to its present sponsors. The show that this group presented on November 5 was unique to say the least. They didn't just act out a routine, they entertained the audience, and did a great job in the process. They sang a great variety of songs,



both happy and sad, fast and slow, old and new. Some of their best were: "Green, Green," "The Story of the Preacher and Bear," "Everybody Loves Saturday Night," and "This Land is Your Land." All who attended this concert enjoyed



it just as much, if not more than the Jay and the Americans concert.

### SEMINARIANS' PICTURES SNAPPED

In the 1966 edition of the Saint Joseph's College yearbook, PHASE, there were no pictures of the seminarians, brothers, or brother postulants. This situation occurred because the pictures were not taken in time. But for this year's yearbook all of the seminarians' pictures have already been taken. In fact, they are due in the PHASE office by the end of November. Now the PHASE staff will have plenty of time to lay-out and include the religious' pictures in the yearbook.

### A STUDENT ORCHESTRA IS FIRST OF FINE ART SERIES

The University of Illinois Symphony Orchestra opened the Fine Arts Series here at Saint Joseph's on November 9. Under the leadership of Professor Bernard Goodman, the Symphony Orchestra first played the graceful and spirited overture "The Hebrides" by Mendelssohn. The second piece of the night was Mozart's Symphony No. 35 in D Major after which there was an intermission. Following the intermission Symphony No. 1 in D Major by Gustav Mahler was performed. All who were there liked what they heard and at the end the orchestra received a standing ovation.

### GLENN YARBROUGH SINGS AT THE FIELDHOUSE

Only a small crowd of people turned out to see a very



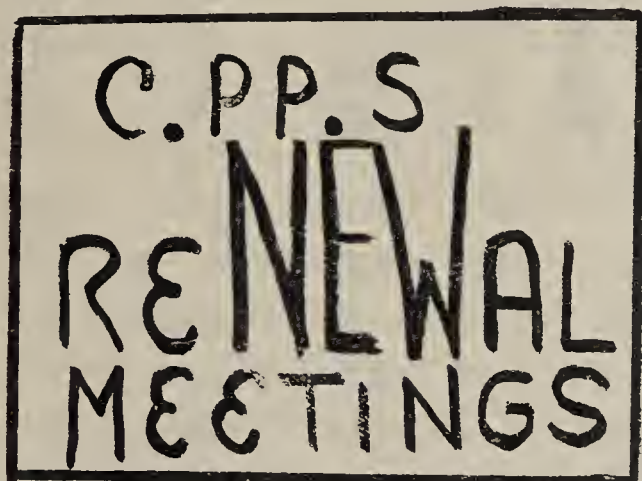


talented singer, Glenn Yarborough on the afternoon of November 13. He was brought to national fame by such recordings as "Baby the Rain Must Fall" and "It's Gonna Be Fine". He sang many different kinds of songs and entranced the audience with his magnificent voice. Those who heard him will be talking about him for some time to come.

## THANKSGIVING AND CHRISTMAS

Thanksgiving season brings the annual Turkey Bowl--an exclusively Xavier football game on the St. Joe campus; Monte Carlo night; a big turkey dinner; and of course, a much needed break in the class schedule and time for any who have lagged behind in studies to catch up. And after this day of giving thanks to God for His bounteous gifts, we at Xavier anxiously anticipate the Christmas season and also the vacation. In this Christmas issue of PULSE, on behalf of all the PULSE staff I wish to all the most joyful of Christmases and the best of New Years.

P. Weber



On August 6, 1966, Pope Paul issued an Apostolic Decree, Ecclesiae Sanctae, which set forth norms for the decrees of Vatican II. Included among the points of the decree were the renewal of religious life and the adaptation of religious to the present times. Then in September, the General Curia of the Society wrote to the provincials of the three American provinces, setting out guidelines for C.P.P.S.

renewal. The Cincinnati Province kicked off the renewal with three regional meetings which all members were encouraged to attend. Meetings were held at St. Charles in October, at Brunnerdale in early November, and at St. Joseph's on Friday, November 18.

95 priests and brothers attended the meeting here at St. Joseph's. Fr. Paul Boyle C.P., a professor of Canon Law at St. Meinard's Seminary, delivered three talks. Fr. Boyle is also presently engaged in helping religious communities to implement their renewals. His first talk centered around the contemporary understanding of Canon Law in present



religious life. The second speech dealt with the Constitution of the Church--the basic document of Vatican II. Fr. Boyle's third talk was concerned with Chapter 6 of the Constitution of the Church which is about religious. After the first two talks, the priests and brothers split up into discussion groups. A Bible Service followed the last talk.

Future renewal meetings will be held at St. Charles, Brunnerdale, and St.

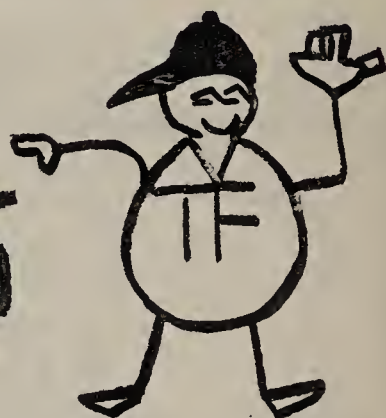
Joseph's for the rest of the school year. Between these meetings the local members are encouraged to discuss the material of previous meetings. By means of these renewal meetings, the Society hopes to keep in step with the decrees of Vatican II.

(The information for this article was supplied in an interview with Fr. Bierberg)

J. Mencsik

# Foss's FITS

(WISCONSIN WHIMPPERS)



The biggest joke of the year was when the boys watchin' T.V. voted down the N.F.L. game (Green Bay-Detroit) to watch the "Junky" Jets (N.Y.) get themselves whipped 30-3 and listen to Wicker lose a quarter to Tiern. I may be as partial to the Packers and the N.F.L. as Hemm is to trap-pin' or the PULSE, but just as Hemm thinks there is nothing greater than trappin' and the PULSE (and we all know how great that is), I think there is no greater team than the "Pack". Win or lose this year, they're greater 'en Cassius Clay.....

...Speakin' of Cassius Clay or Mohammed Ali, (or whatever you want to call him), that fight against Cleveland "Big Cat" Williams turned out to be the biggest frace of the year. Sounded like some "Ali-Cat fight".....

Seems most everybody is gettin' hurt this year playin' tackle football. Fact is, the more that get hurt, the more come out. Everybody say ole John Wicker limpin' around with his \$75 cast, but yet 20 guys came out again. Now that Smurd (Michael Charles Smith) lost his tooth, we'll



see 30 (thirty) out there. It sure makes sense.....

...Le sense pour la Father Kuhns' latest joke is tres cool. It seems (as Father says) that when the people were coming down off the mountain (in the Bible) God told them to tell-a-vision to no one. Father interprets this as a ban on television.....

...Seems "Smiley Paul Fongh" has a great ideal of himself. I recently overheard him say to some girls in a convent, "Well girls, if you can't have me, God's a good second choice.....

...This year's man of the hour award goes to..."Jade West" (also known as John Jadgchew) who added much excitement and cruelty to his week as "Lid #3." Take for instance his vigorous campaign to get everyone to Mass on time. Things went great and by 5:45 EVERYONE was out of the upper dorm thanks to the "bright-light-system," installed by J.B., and to Jade for his brutal bed-shaking ordeal. One scandalous scoundrel, however, slipped through the dragnet of the "Cleveland Crusader," and ruined a near perfect debut. My apologies for any misgivings and sincerest thanks for a week well done in the assistance of our seminary training.

...One looks ahead over the weeks of Jerwers and Jurek, and one sighs.....for then we will be awakened by the vicious "bark,bark," and the down-right-mean-biting from Kuhlman and Kunisch, the B.K. boys, also appropriately named, "Doggie and Bambie".....

...I was listening to WOWI (St. Joseph's College radio station) the other day, when the announcer asked if anyone had a dog. Well, it seems about 15 guys spoke up all at once saying, "We got one!".....

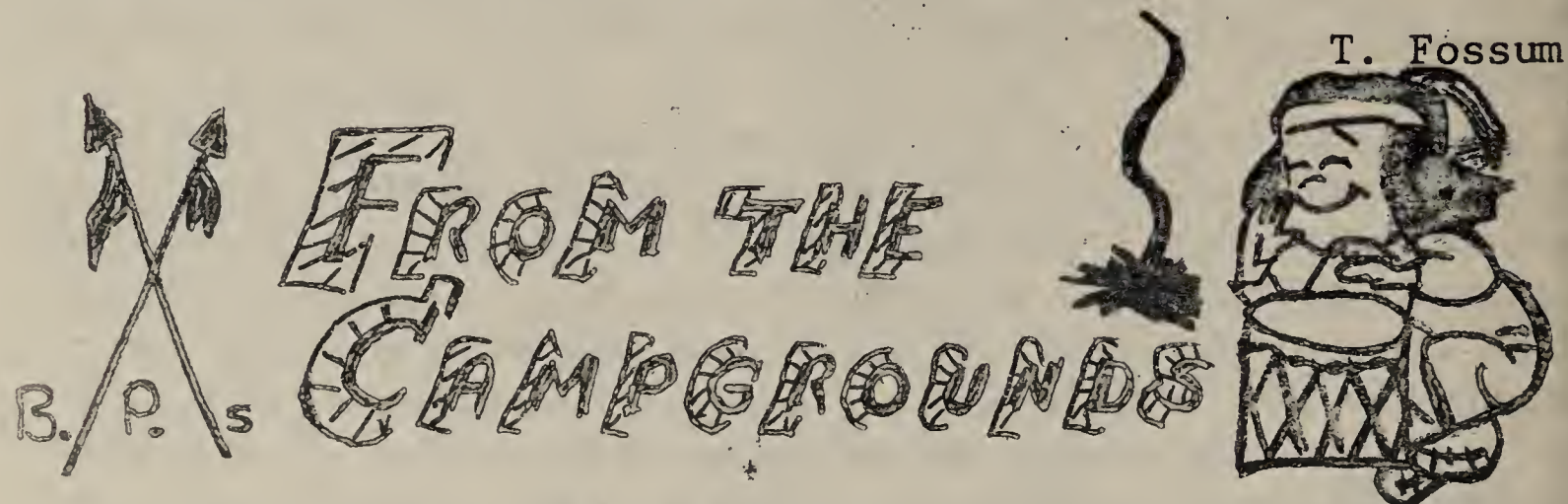
...It's too bad such good fans as Denny "Crutch" Jerwers and Henry "Summerand" Winter (who recently fainted when he received an airmail letter from home)--(as he lives about a half a mile from Xavier Hall). are for such 2nd place teams as the Cleveland .....s (this is Browns minus Jim Brown--which leaves the "s") and the Chicago Sayers, (which incidentally rhimes with Bears)--(which is all the Bears have).....

...When one walks down the halls of Xavier, one hears and sees some extremely odd happenings.....Take for instance the other day when John Mencsik hit the deck to avoid a low-flying bird. The bird turned out to be "Birdie" Kaminsky flying down the hall at a rapid rate, closely



pursued by "Grass" and "Blade" or Lothamer and Pritz.....  
and then there was that argument between "Jow" Bornhorst  
and "Boarhead" Brown which sounded like a couple of hippos  
during the mating season.....

.....Sure bets for this year are.....Green Bay Packers to  
win the World Football Title (I hope) and Xavier to get  
beat by the refs again this year.....Xerox is back.....



Work has been completed except for the last curtains  
for the new TV room in the Brother Postulancy.

Farewell to the hobby room; greetings to the TV room;  
farewell to the reading room; greetings to the hobby room.  
Such were the happenings in the Brother Postulants' recre-  
ation room in Christopher Hall a couple of weeks ago. The  
"old" hobby room became the "new" TV room; the "old" read-  
ing room (also TV room) became the "new" hobby room. With  
the opening of the offices of Father Banet, President of  
Saint Joseph's College, between the Junior Brother's  
quarters above and the Brother Postulants recreation room  
below, something had to give, namely the power tools. Like  
the dispersed of Israel, so go the power tools from the  
hobby room of the Brother Postulancy. The new TV room has  
the flavor of home-the basement with all the air ducts,  
the hot water pipes, the cold water pipes, pipes that even  
the plumbers don't know the purpose for; such is the life  
in the Christopher Hall basement.

Through the generosity of Father Grevenkamp, the Broth-  
er Postulants and Junior Brothers are going to have a new  
custom installed stereo set. Father has donated his stereo  
to be installed in a cabinet built by David Newport.  
Thanks, Father.

Dennis Ferrara, the only representative of the Religi-  
ous students on the WOWI Radio staff, has two programs:



"Scary Tales" and "Adventures in Great Music."

With the release of the mid-term grades, there were sighs, cries of horror, and some were even dazzled. What an experience; we wonder if we will survive the many times that grades are released.

In the last edition of Tomorrow, the society's vocational news letter; David Popovits' article was printed on page two. Good work, David.

During the past two months, the Junior Brothers and Brother Postulants have been attending the Purdue Cultural Series through the kindness of Father Grevenkamp and Brother Leo.

The Brother Postulants and Junior Brothers of Christopher Hall want to take this opportunity to wish all the priests, brothers, and seminarians a very happy Thanksgiving.


Plans for a banquet to be held on Thanksgiving Day are being formulated by Asa Teegarden with the expert assistance of Jim Evans and Ben Basile. There will be a concelebrated Mass at 8:00 A.M. followed by the banquet in the North section of the Chapel Dining Room.






...then one foggy Christmas eve  
Santa came to say,  
Webgot with your brain so bright  
won't you find my wife tonight...

Webgot?!&5\$? "Find my wife tonight...?" Egads, what was happening? Where was Mrs. Claus? Who is Webgot?



# the lost claus



The tiny tensor lamp cast flickering figures dancing on the desk of Sir Sherlock Webgot, private investigator for Scotpaper Yard. He was busily pouring over the typewritten reports on a very recent robbery case concerning -of all things- a batch of Greek books!

"Fong, Fong come here at once."

Viet Fongheiser, Sherlock's most promising disciple, approached the cluttered desk of his admirable chief.

"Yes Sherlock?"

"Viet, I think I have solved this Greek case. It is all so logical. I cannot see why I failed to notice it before."

"What is it most intelligent captain?"

"You see, the books were found in a gargbage truck. Now, the only time that that truck is not moving is at night. What do you do at night Viet?"

"Well ah...I'd rather....ah...not answer that."

"Oh come on now! You sleep right, sleep!"

"Once I get home - yes."

"And what gang is internationally known for its night costume?"

"The Pajama gang!!!"

"Right! There, we have it."

"Wonderful, magnificent, great!! Praise to you venerable brain."

"Oh, you must not flatter me so."





"Care for a spot of tea, Sir?"

"Yes, thank you, that would be jolly good."

As the two detectives sit down to their warm tea, the cold night sky is punctured by the lightening speed of a V-8 sleigh with 16 on the floor. On through the winter chillness dashes Santa Claus in search of Rensselaer, Ind. He knew he should have brought his roadmap along. Darn! But Lady Luck happened to be with this jolly old man tonight and he spotted the grey, shaky water tower of Collegeville. Having landed on the right pinnacle of the Saint Joe Chapel Mr. S. Claus descends through a chalky maze of rafters. Down past the organ, holding his ears to protect them from the screeches of music a la Popovits.

(cont. on p. 26)





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# DEAR SANTA

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The crumpled manuscript for this letter was found in a trash can by an enterprising PULSE reporter. Its author is not known.

Dearest Santa,

Oh, I am so excited I can hardly wait, and I can just tell that all of the other guys are in the Christmas spirit by their wonderful dispositions and their charity (hint). Oh, it is so nice!

I know that some of the guys think they are too old to be writing to you, but deep down inside they really believe in you, really they do. I have made up a list of some of the things the guys would like.

Just the other day Petey King was telling me that he wants a Betsy-Wetsy doll more than anything. "But," said Petey, "I'm much too mature for that."

John Jadgchew wants a thyroid in his stocking (lick).

Bill Kuhlman would like a more comfortable desk and 2,000 No-Doz pills.

Tom Burgei wants a Super Ball.

Mike Ploetz wants a pair of paisely soxs with a matching wrist-band which he can wear around the hall.

John Cozzens craves his very own iceberg, filled with Eskimos.

Alan Rettig would like a "Dick the Carpenter" Kit, and a pin-up of Mr. Hentschel.

Alan Kaminsky wants to get up early on Christmas morning to see what everyone gets.

Tom Fossum once confessed to me that his innermost desire has always been a Betty Crocker "Bake-a-Cake" outfit, and has always been secretly jealous of Ronald Will who has one.

Fred Hofstetter said that he was always a very frustrated boy (notice laugh) from childhood because his parents denied him the fun of a doll house.

Bert Woolson wants FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, FOOD, FOOD.



Al Ebach (A.P.E.) wants a "Fort Apache" set.  
Bruce Catalano wants a frog-man outfit for his G.I.  
Joe.

Andy O'Reilly needs a ladder for his bed. (He sleeps on the bottom).

I dare not think what Kriegs wants.

Brad Uhlenhake just wants everyone to be as charitable as he is. Then, he will be happy. He'd also like a princess.

Donny Jerwers craves a pin-up of Betty Davis.

Mike Craig wants another set of clothes to add to his mod-wardrobe. Please bring him a Pinky Lee suit, Santa!!!

Dick Winter wants a Brian Wilson Soaky doll of his very own. He simply refuses to wash until he has one. PLEASE Santa!!!!

Don't forget Al Geier! He wants a Mary Poppins doll! This might seem a little immature and childish to you. But what can you expect from Al?

Carl Hess wants a porky pig wrist-watch and a porky pig night light. Wow! Just imagine!

Please bring John Wicker a Barbie doll. Craig Cahoon will settle for her boy friend, Ker doll.

Jim Evans wants some pink Ballerina shoes.

Mike Smith would like an enlarging machine, no, not for his muscles, silly, for the pictures that he takes of himself.

Paul Weber wants a Mister Walsh talking doll. It will give him a feeling of security.

Scorch wants a pair of leotards. (Form Fitting)

Jack Sowar would like some colonge.

Father McKay wants to be nice to some of us, but it is awfully hard. Would you believe impossible?

Well, Santa, we'll be waiting for you. By the way, did you notice that nobody said what they wanted to give? If you have any trouble, or get stuck, just let us know and we will send Hern and Poach to carry your sleigh. Roger Fortman said to say, "Hi". If your sleigh does crash, make sure the gifts aren't injured, that would be a shame. Bye! Bye!

AN ARDENT ADMIRER  
and TRUE BELIEVER



He makes a hurried reverence to the God of us all and swiftly exits. Entering Xavier Santa approaches the sound-proof, walled-off chamber belonging to Sir Sherlock Webgot. "Come in."

"Oh, why hello Santa. Come on in, sit by the fire. Say this is a surprise. Sherlock look who's here. I didn't even send out my letter to you yet. My, my."

"Oh cut it out Viet. Excuse him Santa he's still in training. By the way, did you get MY letter so soon?"

"No, I didn't, but that's not important. Sherlock, I need your help desperately."

"What's the matter Bringer of joy?"

"Mr. Webgot, someone kidnapped my wife."

"I'm very sorry to hear that but I don't understand. What has all that got to do with me? You should report it to the police, not a private detective."

"But a man like myself must protect his image to the public. And besides, a Mongie did it."

"How sir, do you know that?"

"The note was signed-'a maddened Mongie'."

"I understand."



"You must hurry Sir Sherlock. I just cannot bring myself to work on the toys because of worrying about dear Cleta. If you take too long I am afraid there will be no Christmas for the Mongies this year."

"Do not worry Santa, Viet and I shall solve the mystery in plenty of time."



A saddened dejected Mr. Claus slowly walked out into the frigid night air, tears glistening on his snowy beard.

The fate of Mongie Christmas 1966 was held in the hairy hands of Sir Sherlock Webgot. The entire night and on into the next dawn was spent reviewing and combing through the notes, calls and special details of the case. The "Special Intention" board was an ocean of paper pleas. Studies and preparation for classes came to a grinding halt as all Mongie attention focused on the tiny office of Webgot. Many gathered in nervous disgust.

The days swept past with November yawning into frosty December and still no result. Men eagerly paced the well-worn cloister path in anticipation of newly posted news proclaiming the solving of this heart-stopping crime.





On into the last days of December's second week and STILL nothing solved. The Mongies began to get worried. A bitter group of seminarians picketted the Webgot office with signs reading: "Sherlock is Stupid" and "Webgot Hates Xmas" and "Find Old Lady Claus."

In the smoke filled room Viet slumped in his chair trying to catch a few winks of much needed sleep. Sherlock, laboring in extreme fatigue had at last limited his list of Mongie suspects to just two: John Kriegel and J. Cozzens. Ah, thought Webgot, Cozzens, now there was a suspect. He had spent his time in the Air Force and had been based in Greenland. He would have had a real good opportunity to get on the inner track of operations at the North Pole.

"Viet, Viet wake up."

"Huh...ah...oooh.....ahem...ahhuh."

"Viet, go see if you can find John Cozzens and get him up here right away."

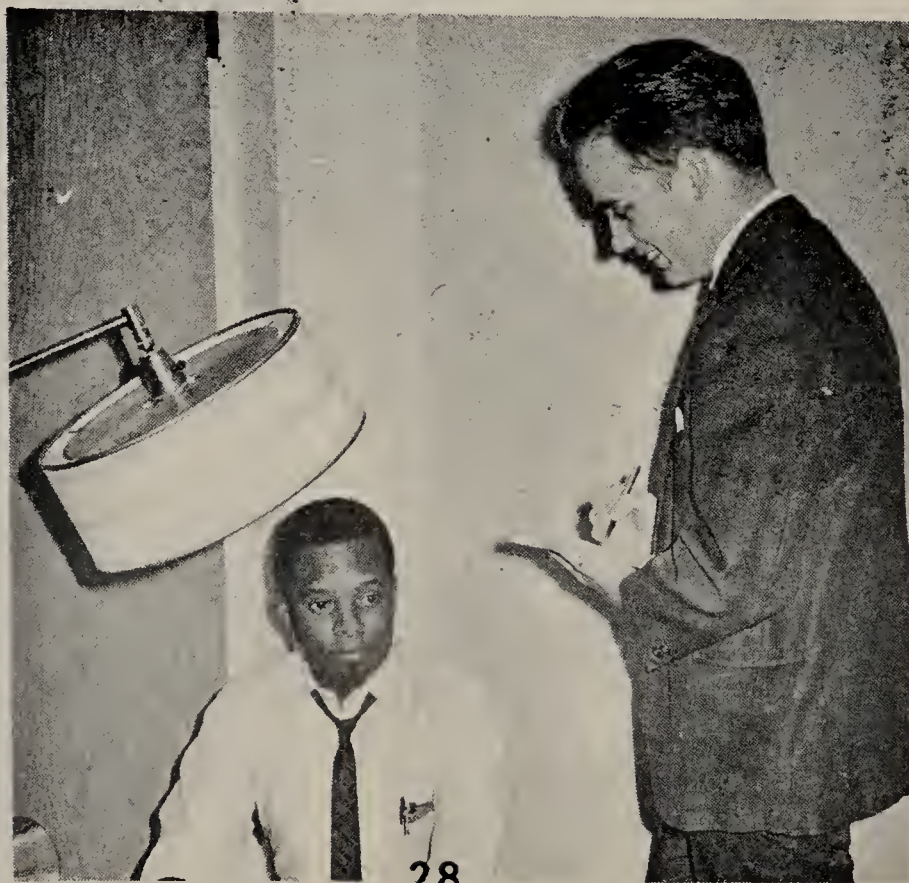
"Okay, I will get on it master."

Finally, thought Sherlock, he had a good lead. He lit up a Swisher Sweet and settled back in his plush chair. He had done it again!

"Here he is most hallowed leader."

"Thank you Viet. Have a seat Mr. Cozzens."

"Here?"





"Yes, that's fine. Turn on the lights Viet. Sorry for the brightness but it simplifies matters greatly when interrogating a person

"Interrogating? What have I done?"

"Someone kidnapped Mrs. Claus and we think you're our man."

"But I didn't do it."

"Just let me ask you a few question. Now then John, how long were you in the air force?"

"Four years sir."

"And where were you stationed during the majority of those fulfilling years?"

"In Greenland. You know, that's a very nice place. The people are friendly, the.....

"Yes, yes, yes. To get to the point Uncles....

"The name's Cozzens, Cozzens!"

"Excuse me Cozzens. To get to the point, did you ever meet Mr. and Mrs. Claus?"

"I met Mr. Claus one time in Fendig's Department Store."

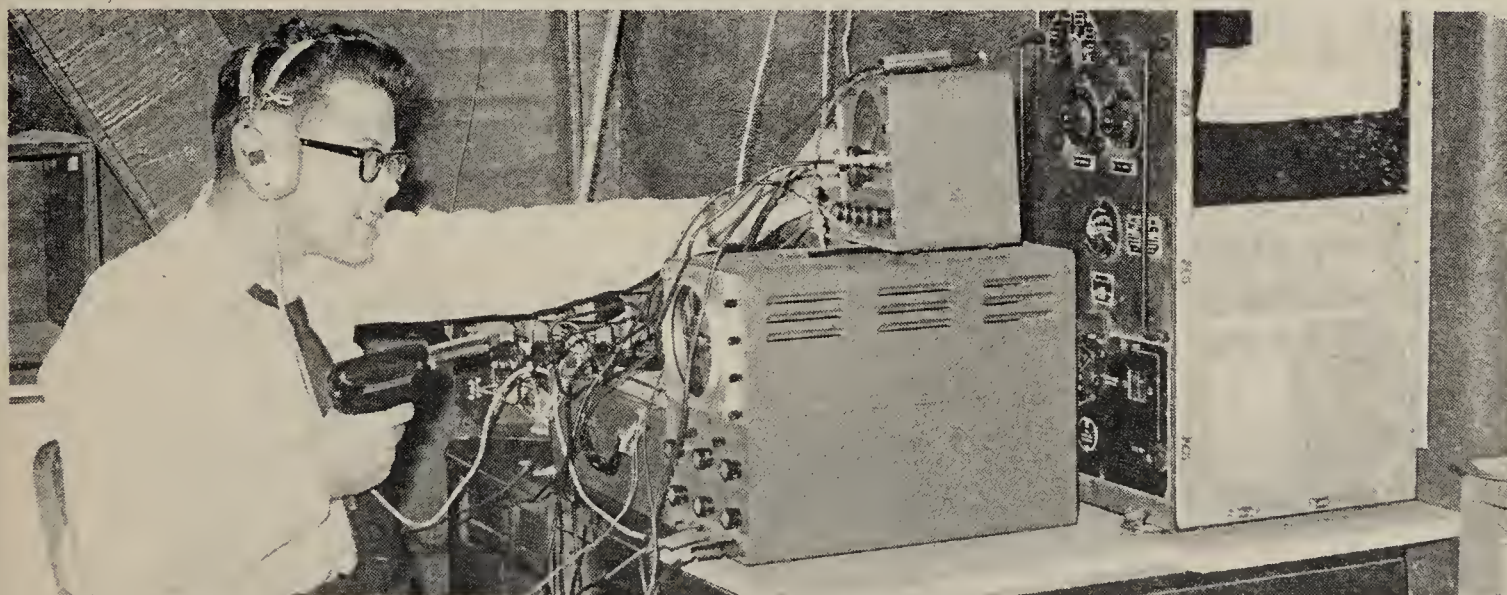
"No, I mean did you ever go on a pleasure trip on your furlough to, say...the North Pole?"

"No, Sir."

"I believe you. You can go now."

WELL. Had he now found the true culprit? Was Kriegel the man he wanted? Time was quickly running out.

"Viet, go get Kriegs and make it fast!"



"Here he is sir. I looked all over and finally found him in the radio shop."

"Was...wah...wah do you want?"

"Please be quiet. I am supposed to ask the questions!"



"J.K., when you were a little kid did you always have happy Christmases?"

"Yes."

"And did you always get everything you wanted?"

"Why yes, almost, but what's this all about?"

"Answer the question."

"Actually no. One year I asked for a television tube and only got a picture. And another year I wanted a train and only got the tracks. But generally speaking whenever my parents couldn't get what I wanted my great uncle always did until....."

"Until what?"

"Oh, nothing. It isn't important."

"Kriegel, did you ever see Mrs. Claus?"

"No, no! I didn't do it!"

"Do what?"

"I...ah..din't....."

"Did you kidnap her?"

"YES, YES!! And I'm glad I did!"

"But why? Why do want to ruin our Christmas?"

"I was mad at Santa Claus for putting my uncle out of business, so I figured I'd get back at him by kidnapping his wife."

"Out of business? I don't understand. What is your uncle's name?"

"KRIS KRIEGEL!! KRIS KRIEGEL!!"

"I'm sorry."

"You're not, you're not! Us Krieglens have to stick together. There is no Saint Nick nor Santa Claus. It's Kris Kriegel!"

"Okay! It's Kris Kriegel. But where is Mrs. Claus?"

"Will you tell the world it's Kris Kriegel?"

"Yes, but where is Mrs. Claus?"

"She's locked in a safe at the electric shop."

"Take him away."



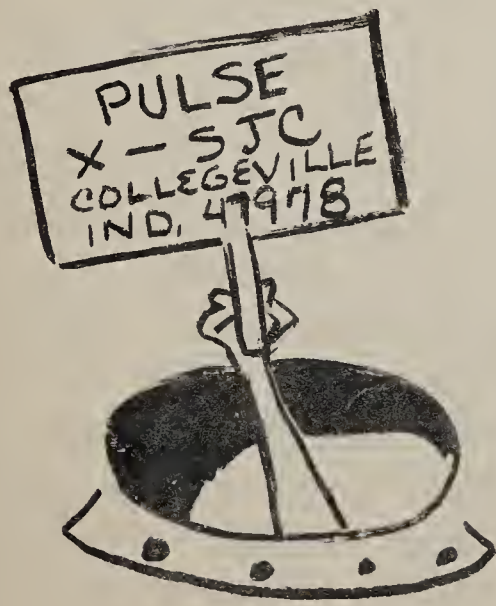


After a quick call to the North Pole, Santa and Webgot went out to the shop. There in an old Collegeville Post Office safe was Mrs. Claus safe and sound. A joyful reunion took place amidst the overflowing piles of scrap metal, kitchen equipment and plain trash and onlooking workers.



Santa made his deadline and the inhabitants of Xavier had a very merry Christmas compliments of Sir Sherlock Webgot and his assistant, Viet Fongheiser.

B. Uhlenhake



...WE'RE  
IN A  
HOLE -  
WITHOUT  
COMMENTS...



# SPORTS

# NEWS

Everybody has heard of the Rose Bowl, the Sugar Bowl, and the Cotton Bowl, but I do not imagine that too many people have heard of the Turkey Bowl, especially the one held on the Xavier football field on Thanksgiving Day.

That is just what took place today, the big Turkey Bowl. This is an annual tackle football game between the fifth-year and sixth-year classes. It is a head-breaking, back-smashing, and side-kicking game, but fortunately, everybody is still alive, in spite of all the cuts and bruises.

The day started out beautifully with a fifty to sixty degree temperature, which was great for football, and left the ground soft enough for great protection. Well, there was a little protection. The field and sidelines were covered with all kinds of outfits. There were two bats who slightly resembled Jadchew and Popovits. Weber had the ambulance parked at the sidelines ready for action. Sixth-year head coach, John Wicker was, of course, limping around the sidelines with a mark of the last tackle game.

Jerry Schmidt handled the quarterback position for the fifth-years, with Lothamer, Field, and Langenkamp as running backs. Lothamer picked up most of their yards. And I mean he does not mess around; he fights for every inch he can get. He is a tough man to stop. Langenkamp and McBride pulled in most of Schmidt's passes. On defense it was again Lothamer with small but rugged Malatesta. Langenkamp as safety, knocked down many of the passes.

The sixth-year quarterback, Ebach, had Sinkovich Rettig, and Jerwers as his running backs. Rettig was the man who covered ground today. He must have rushed fifty yards or more. The hero of the day was Olszewski. He raced from





the end position past the safety to make a fabulous diving catch for a touchdown. That happened to be the only touchdown and the only completed pass from Ebach. The touchdown play has to be credited to Wicker, who sent in Kunisch to relay it to the quarterback. The sixth-year defense held up very well against the offensive running. Line backers Sinkovich and Fossum combined to make the biggest share of the tackles. Tierney had the only interception of the whole game.

This was a close and hard-fought game. The sixth-year class was supposed to have the quarterback, but only completed one out of eight. The fifth-years had at least four complete passes that covered close to fifty yards. The sixth-years had the running team and the defense to stop the opposing runs.

I could mention twenty more players who fought hard in this game, but I don't have a program and it is difficult to remember who played and where. Both lines blocked well. The line backers tackled well, and everybody played as well as they could. It would be difficult to pick out the outstanding player of today's game. It was a well-matched game.

Congratulations to everyone who was involved in the game today for the tremendous spirit and drive that you put out. Thanks also to the refs. Jurek, Burnett, and Den Jerwers, for calling a great game, in spite of all the arguments.

A. Ebach

## FOOTBALL

As the seasons of the year pass by here at Xavier Hall, so do the seasons of the I.M. Athletic Department.

Football ended about a month ago, but it was a gallant finish. Xavier Hall did participate in the tournaments as was corrected in the last issue of the PULSE. Wednesday, October 26 opened the tournaments with a game between the Xavier Mongies and the Aquinas-Gallagher Studs. The first quarter started well with a two yard run up the middle by the quarterback, Ebach, for a touchdown. The second quarter ended with two more scores added. Both scores were long passes to Kuhlman who carried them over the goal. Uhlenhake took a pass over the middle to add an extra point. The game ended 19-6. Kuhlman had the only interception.





Al Ebach - QB - Captain



Al Rettig - Guard

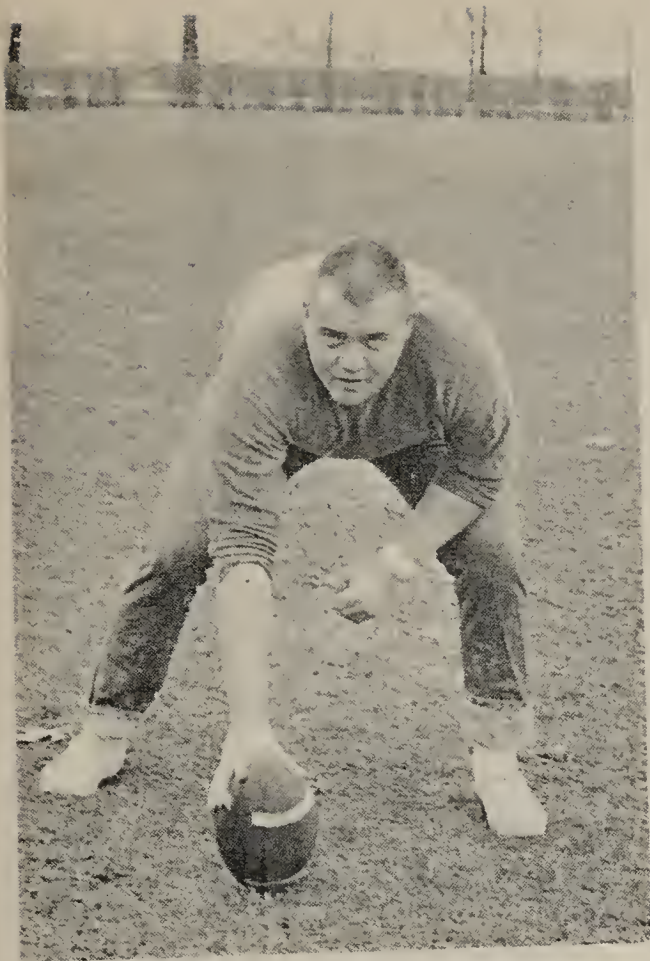


Jim Olszewski - End



Steve Herniak - Def. Rusher





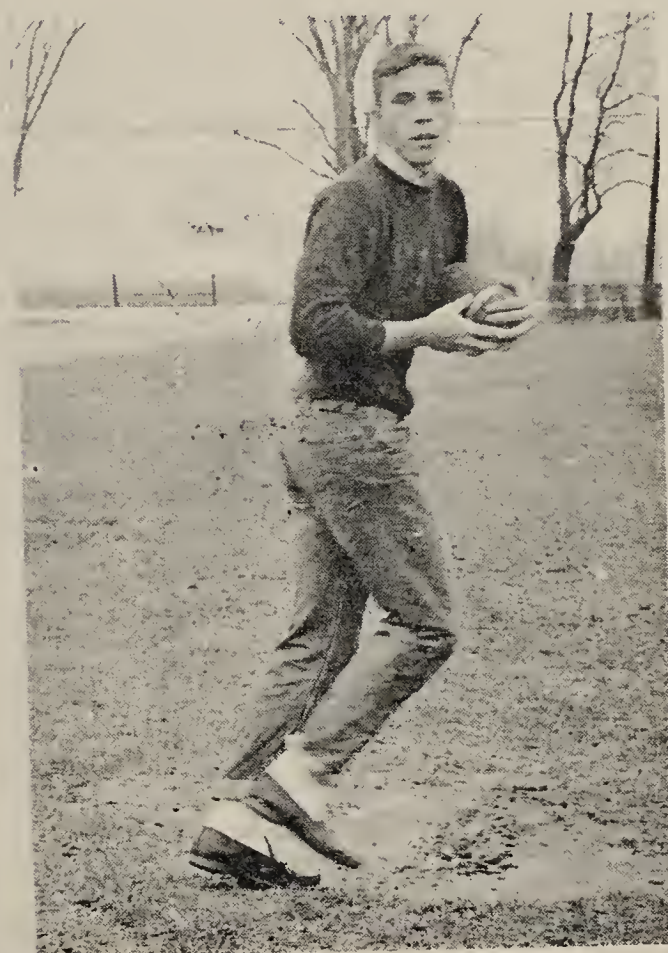
Brad Uhlenhake - Center



Terry Lothamer - Guard



Mike Ploetz - Def. Rusher



Bill Kuhlman - End

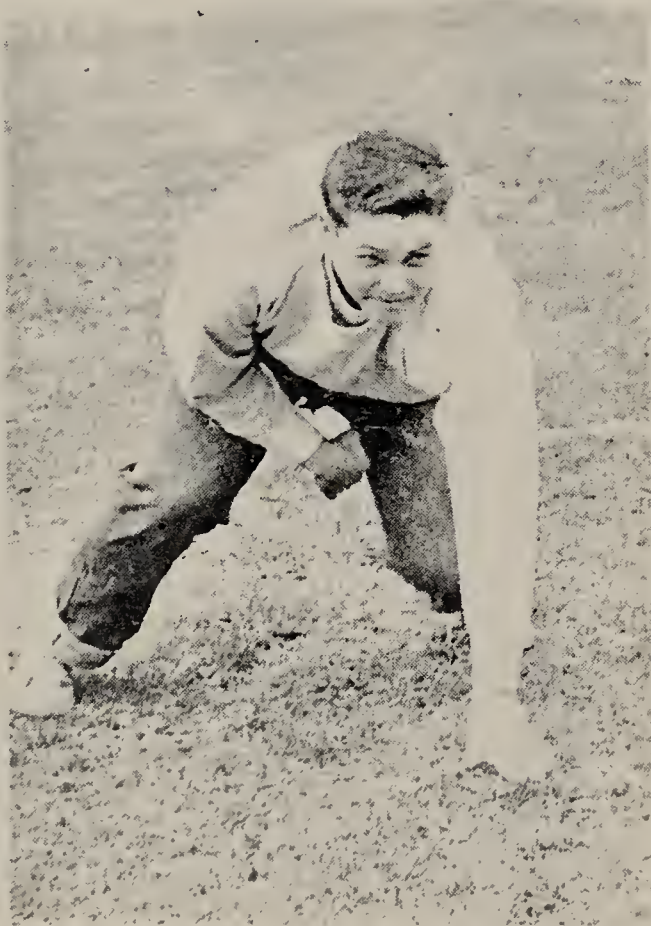




Pat McBride - Def. back



Mike Bornhorst - Def. back



Mike Smith - Halfback

#### Season Games

Xavier	18	Gallagher	0
Xavier	33	Halas	0
Xavier	6	Bennett	19
Xavier	8	Noll	12
Xavier		Halas-forfeit	

#### Tournament Games

Xavier	19	Aquin-Gall	6
Xavier	20	Town	12
Xavier	0	Washburn	6



The games must go on. The following day the Mongies were on that field again, this time against a little more competition. They faced the Town Torches. Linebacker Rettig ended the first quarter by sneaking in and getting that quarterback behind the line for a safety. In the second quarter Ebach faked a run around the right and passed to the left for a T.D. to Kuhlman. The third quarter brought two more scores. Olszewski took a five yard pass from Ebach and took it thirty-five yards, behind some tremendous blocking, for a score. The Torches took the ball but were forced to punt. Ebach got the snap and saw Kuhlman breaking long with defensive men interfering all the way, but "hands" Kuhlman pulled it in for a score. All extra point conversions failed. Kuhlman had two interceptions and Rettig pulled in one. Final score, 20-12.

This brought the Mongies to the semi-finals against the Washburn Dntowners. This was the deciding game. Not only was it a tough team but there was a forty mile an hour wind with a thirty-nine degree temperature. In other words it was cold. The whole game went scoreless. The Mongies came within inches of the goal but ran out of downs. The unusual overtime set in along with darkness. The team that gains the most yards in four downs wins. The Mongies got the ball first and made fifteen yards on the first down. But on the third down Washburn intercepted and went for a touchdown. So, the Mongies got one more down to make a touchdown, and that failed. They lost the semi-finals 6-0 in an overtime.

The Mongies had a small team with many injuries but in spite of that they went a long way. They upset one team and almost upset another. Congratulations again team for the fine spirit and for the fabulous playing.

The Bennett Seniors defeated the Washburn Dntowners in the finals. The score was 6-0. The seniors scored in the last quarter with an interception on the three yard line. It was a close race all the way to the final game,

# XAVIER HALL OF FOOTBALL

## IFAME (CONT.)

Tom Sherlock

bob onofrey

Mike Manly

Tim Hennum

George Hamlin

John Post

37

J. drees

Steve Gossin

Joe Miller



## XAVIER LEAGUE FOOTBALL STANDINGS

		WINS	LOSSES	TIES
Smith	A	2	2	0
Lothamer	B	2	1	1
Uhlenhake	C	2	3	0
Cabral	D	2	1	2
Wicker	E	2	0	2
Jurek	F	3	2	0
Tierney	G	0	5	0
Geier	H	1	2	1

## BOWLING

Football ended but the Mongies entered the I.M.'s again. This time they headed to the lanes. John Mencsik, elected as captain of the bowling team, is backed up with such kegglers as Hofstetter, Hammond, Cabral, Field, Groblewski, and last but not least, Smith. Mencsik is the only veteran on the team, and thus the team has to do a lot of organizing. They lost their first game to West Seifert but that was only the first game out of many. The Hall supports the team in full confidence and wishes them a successful season.

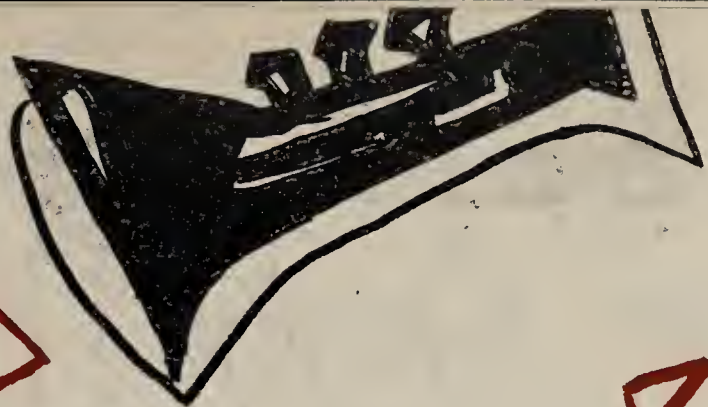
## BASKETBALL

Basketball season is on its way. The season officially opens on December 5. Two teams from Xavier entered I.M. basketball this year to add more I.M. points to the Hall's total. These two teams seem to have the height and the sharpshooters to go a long way during the season. Tom Schmelzer, Bill Kuhlman, Jim Langenkamp and Tom Burgei were picked to choose the first team. They chose as their teammates, Mike Bornhorst, Al Geier, Fred Hofstetter, Terry Lothamer, Dan Monnin, and John Wicker. Tom Schmelzer was chosen captain of the first team. Al Ebach, Jim Olszewski, Bob Vondrell, and Pete King were picked to choose the second team. These four chose as their teammates, Ken Hohenbrink, Don Jerwers, Mark Juręk, Pat McBride, Dan O'Neil, and Frank Pritz. Al Ebach was chosen captain of the second team. Xavier Hall wishes a successful season to both teams.

A. Ebach



GLORY  
TO GOD



מְהִלָּה וְהַמְדָּה  
לְפָנֶיךָ יְיָ

פְּרָאִיִּם יֵאָדָּר  
לְפָנֶיךָ יְיָ



58V



# B.P.s at WORK

## PART 1: BAKERY

I suppose many of you are wondering just what is done in the campus bakery. Well, I am going to attempt to tell you in this article.

We begin the day by trying to fix enough baked goods to make 3500 servings a day. You wonder what we bake?

We start off by baking 300 loaves of white bread and 75 loaves of rye bread. We also bake 3200 hard rolls. In the line of sweets we make 2800 donuts, 3000 sweet rolls, 192 pies, 1500 cupcakes, 1500 servings of cake.

When Miss Skinner decides to have hamburgers at a meal we must bake 3400 hamburger buns. The same goes for weiner buns - 3400.

The apprentice baker does many different jobs before he actually bakes anything.

Among these are: washing the pots and pans, sweeping the floor, greasing the pans and cutting the bread to a loaf. The apprentice performs these tasks when he isn't watching and asking questions. After a while the day comes when he can mix up a batch of something by himself.

Did I hear you say that you think a baker never makes a mistake? Guess again He does!

There is one thing I have against working in the bakery; a person can put on too much weight - but like they say - something bad always leads to something good. (I hope so!)

The work in the bakery is not hard, but it is steady throughout the day.

R. Cypher

# Christmas, A Time of Joy

What precisely is your concept of Christmas? Do you conceive it as a time of giving and receiving, or as a time of sentimentality, or perhaps as just another time? We live in a "twentieth century type Christmas." What if we forgot about the present, our present concept of Christmas, and wandered back into the past. Our imagination would then be vibrantly alive with a picture of what happened.....

"One, two, three, and four---I was right, there were four shepherds," vigorously stated Randy.



"Well....maybe you were right there," meekly replied Bishop, "but never mind now, just take a look over there.

Randy, looking across the dimly lit stable, said, "Oh yeah, I see them. Hey! take a look at those gifts they're bringing. Hmmm not bad, not bad at all."

Bishop eying the gifts added, "Yep, that baby's surely gittin' a lot of fine gifts. First he got some things from those shepherds standing over there, and now these guys here."

"I don't know exactly what to think about this baby," commented Randy. "A lot of strange things have happened since he came."

"What'cha mean?" asked Bishop.

"Well, a....have you been outside lately?" inquired Randy.

Bishop, raising his eyebrows inquisitively, answered, "Why shore I have. What do you want to know for?"

"Well, have you ever noticed that big star hangin' in the sky? I'm positive it weren't there before. And nother thing, why are all these guys coming in here all the time and bringing his baby gifts? It just don't seem to figure. Look-

ing the place cautiously over, Randy added, "I think this here baby's different."

"Why that's really a nice thing to say 'bout this here little baby," retorted Bishop angrily.

"No, no, no, you got me all wrong. I don't mean that he's different odd, I mean that he's different special.

"Oh! I think I see what you mean. You mean that--- HEY, how did you get this news anyway?" asked Bishop puzzled.

"Well, I'll tell ya." Randy moved towards Bishop and started whispering in his ear so as not to be overheard, "Ya see, I was out for a walk yesterday with George and Tony, and I overheard them two talking. Tony was saying something about this here baby, the one right here in the stable--no don't look now--"

"What'd he say, what'd he say?" frantically asked Bishop.

"Hold on and I'll tell you," continued Randy. "Well, as I was saying, Tony thinks this baby's some kind of a special person. George then entered the conversation and said that there was talk all around town about something like this. They both sounded pretty sure that this baby is the one."

After Bishop had recover-



ed sufficiently from this tale he asked, "this baby is the one what?"

Randy then said, "He's the.....oops...I'd better be quiet now. They're putting him to sleep. I'll tell you

some more about it in the morning.

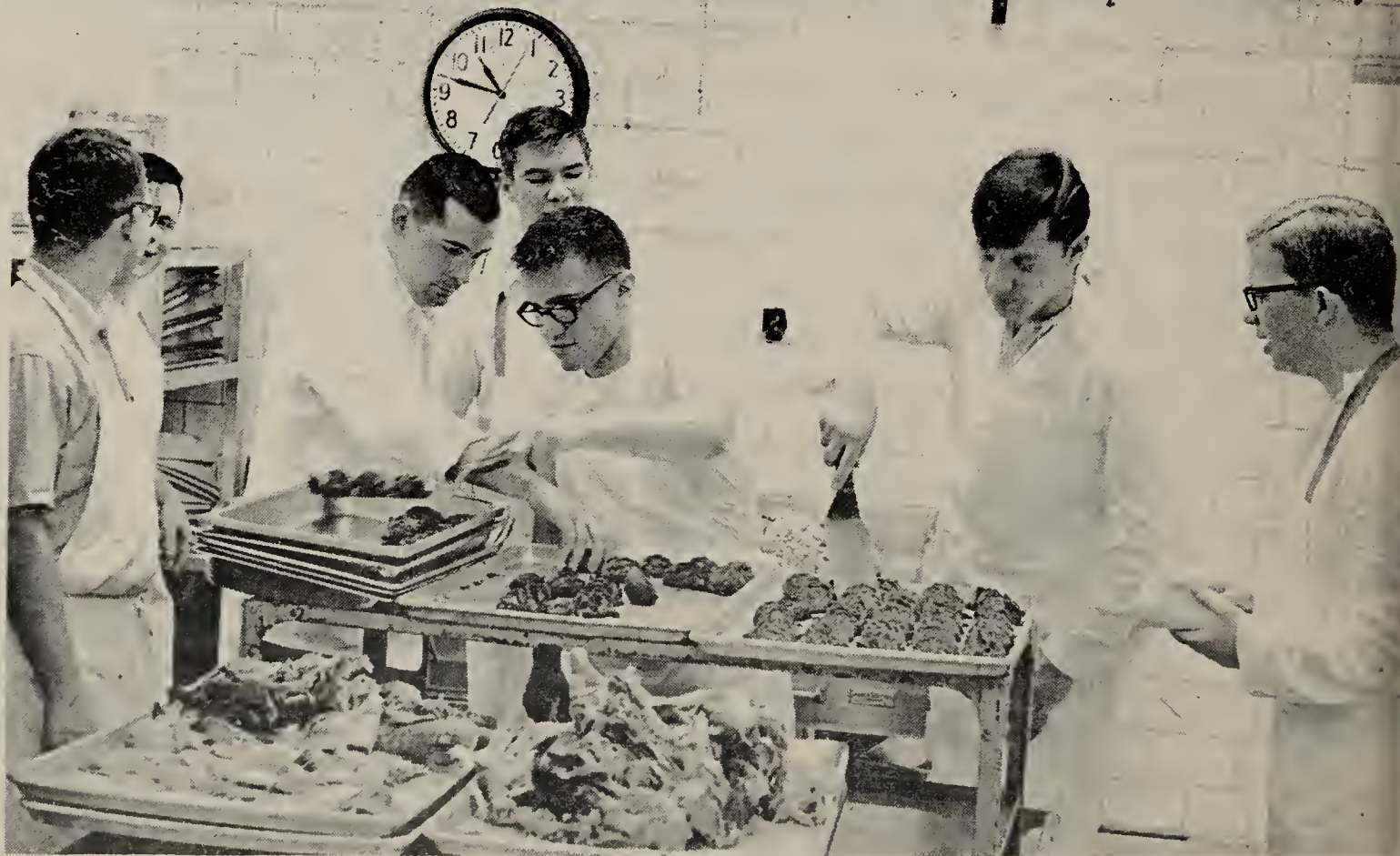
With this, Randy and Bishop, the two mules, were silent for the evening.

B. Catalano

## Thanksgiving à la Asa



On Thanksgiving morning about 2:30 A.M. a group of brother postulants and seminarians headed by Asa Teegarden went to work in the chapel cafeteria kitchen preparing a Thanksgiving dinner for the Community at S.J.C. At 12:00 noon the fruits of their efforts were realized when the meal was served. It was started off with shrimp cocktail,





wine, and two kinds of salad. Turkey and dressing, mashed and sweet potatoes, corn and cranberries comprised the main dish. The traditional pumpkin and mincemeat pie was served for dessert. Needless to say the meal was very delicious and enjoyed by all. We wish to thank all those who worked long hours to make the Thanksgiving dinner such a "delicious" success.

# "X" NEEDS A RIK

The rain fell continuously for 28½ hours beginning on Saturday night, November 26th, and lasting all day Sunday, November 27th.

From 9:30 to 11:30 on Sunday morning a crew of four daring sixth-years and one fifth-year made a clean sweep of the "X" locker rows and the pool room. Two vacuum cleaners, removing 250 gallons of water in the 2 hour period, were continuously in operation. At one time in the 2 hour period, the water poured through the cracks at the west end of the room at a rate of 9 gallons every 13 minutes. The crew, consisting of Al Ebach, Tom Fossum, Craig Cahoon, John Hohman, and Tom Nath cleaned up the "X" locker rows. The pool room was an unending struggle. The crew confined the water solely to the pool room enabling the



locker rows to be purged. The crew ceased efforts for lunch. After lunch another crew undertook what remained plus what entered the room through the cracks.

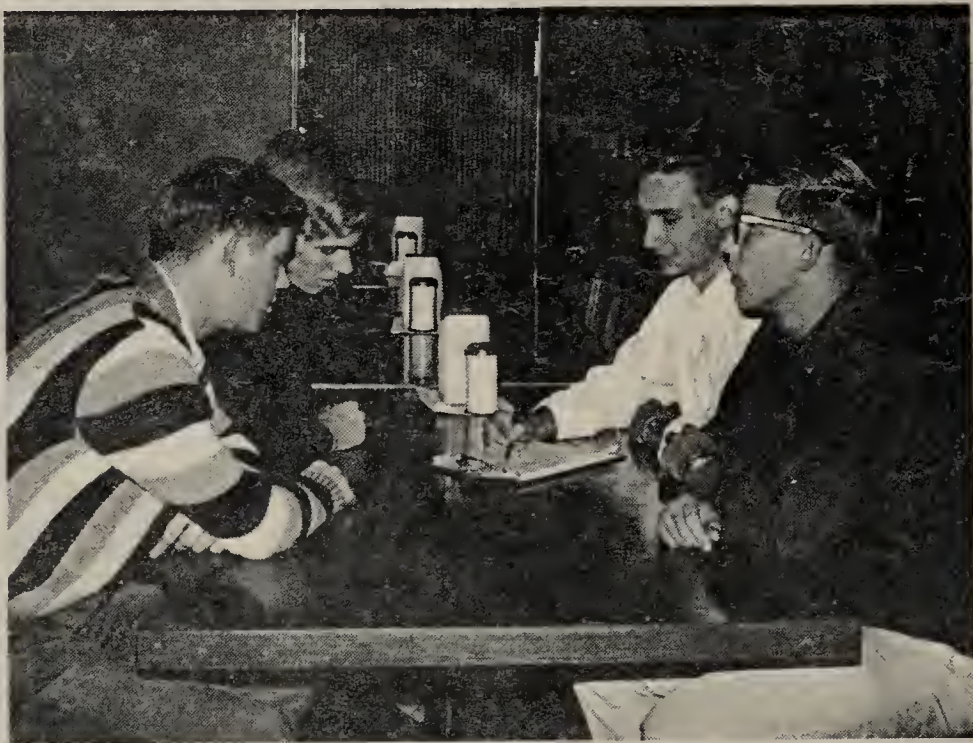
If there isn't any repair or any so-called renovation soon, there will be a larger deluge this year than the deluge of 1965. Something must be done about the situation, and it must be done now.

T. Nath



# P.M.A.

The long awaited Messiah had finally come. The first Christmas spelled a new hope for the world. With the birth of the promised Redeemer, Christianity came to life. This newborn King would eventually leave his earthly kingdom and his disciples would be expected to kindle the spark made on that beautiful Christmas day into an eternal flame of truth. But then, too, the men who spoke and ate with Christ himself would soon reach their eternal destiny. Ideally, the spirit of Christ living in the world would continue as strong as ever. Somehow, though, the real spirit of Christ living is not felt by as many people as it should. Many individuals who call themselves Christians advocate to various degrees the theory that "God is dead." And maybe some of these people are not too far off base.



We can't hide from the fact that to many people God has become irrelevant and Christianity meaningless. We must snobbishly brush these people off as fools. If they do not see Christian living according to their avowed principles and if they see non-Christians acting in a much more charitable manner, why shouldn't they think the way they do?

Christ was born and lived on earth for all men out of a deep charity. If we can't somehow carry out this mission



of love, then we are at blame for others' loss of faith. We must develop this true Christian love, so that we may carry out the mission of Christ which he began on the first Christmas. If we are to be the leaders of the Christian community we must begin now, before it is too late, to acquire the qualities expected of Christians in the modern world. We must begin to fulfill the mission of making Christianity relative to the modern man,

A. O'Reilly

## EDITORIAL

The center of the spiritual life of the seminarian is the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Being the core of his spiritual life, the Mass should necessarily be the most actively participated in exercise of the day. The fact is, that there is not near as active participation in the Mass as there should be. It is true that the Mass is scheduled at a bad time of the day. No one wants to get up at 5:30 in the morning and go to Mass. It is very hard sometimes to stay awake at Mass and to struggle through the high notes of the songs. Surely a person who goes to Mass and at least tries to participate will gain a certain amount of grace. There are some people in Xavier who don't even bother to go to Mass. These people, besides hurting themselves spiritually, are hurting the other members of Xavier Hall. Surely no one cares whether so and so sleeps in once in a while, but when so and so only comes to Mass twice a week, everyone has a right to care. Maybe if a few people in the Hall would wise up and come to Mass (and the other spiritual exercises during the day) more privileges would be given. If a person is not strong enough to get up at 5:30 and go to Mass, but instead has to get his extra hour of sleep, he probably wouldn't make a very good parish priest. Surely everyone would agree that it would be nice to have Mass later on in the day. The question is---when? With everyone having such diversified schedules, it



would be utterly impossible to have a Mass later on during the day and to have everyone attend it. Sure, it is hard for anyone to attend and actively participate at Mass at such an early hour in the morning, but if all of us at Xavier Hall would put out a concerted effort we would certainly get a lot more out of the Mass.

The staff of PULSE would like to take this opportunity to wish each one of our readers a blessed Christmas and a most successful New Year. We also wish to thank Fathers Kissner and Spanbauer for the generous loan of their IBM Selectric typewriters to make this issue of PULSE possible



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PULSE is published by and for the students of Xavier Hall, St. Joseph's College, Rensselaer, Indiana, whenever they get enough material to make it worth printing.



Dear Sir:

PULSE is ok, real good even.  
at least funnier than es-  
pecially that last one.  
Brad's stories are great. I  
imagine Jerry Ivasick enjoys  
them more than anything be-  
cause he can understand the  
pictures.

Keep up the good work!  
don't worry 'bout fred's (dy)  
nasty threats.

Sincerely,

Tom Henn, C.P.P.S.

p.s. if you lose or don't  
print this letter I'll tell  
dad and mom!



merry

christmas

